Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? Which is *Bullingbrook*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More



More then a little, is by much too m
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeen
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iu
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but wi
As ſicke and blunted with communi
Afford no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring
But rather drowzd, and hung their ey
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch a
As cloudy men vſe to doe to their ad
Being with his preſence, glutted, go
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtande
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priui
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee
Which now doth that I would not h
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tend

*Prin.* I ſhall hereafter, my thrice g
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For a
As thou art to this houre, was *Richa*
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Ra*
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to
He hath more worthy intereſt to th
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſio
For of no right nor colour like to r
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in t
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armc
And being no more in debt to yeeres
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerent B
To bloody battels, and to bruſing arm
What neuer-dying honour hath he g
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe
Whoſe hot incurſions and great nam
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Maior
And military title capitall,